TO SPEND $150,000,000 CARRYING OUT THE NEWLANDS IRRIGATION PLAN

One of the Greatest and Most Important of Government Works and Yet Not a Dollar to Be Taken Directly Out of the Treasury. Final Success of the Movement for Irrigation Due to the Persistent Efforts of Representative Newlands.

Method of Reclaiming the Arid Lands of the West Practiced by Prehistoric Man in Arizona and New Mexico Hundreds of Years Before Columbus Discovered America—Sixty Millions of Acres to Be Made Fertile, Now Unproductive.

IN the East the knowledge of irrigation has been chiefly confined to the use of the sprinkling pot and the garden hose, but in the West it is a science thoroughly understood and duly appreciated. Hundreds of years before Christopher Columbus landed on the shores of San Salvador it was practiced by prehistoric man in Arizona and New Mexico, and the ruins of the works are still visible in those Territories. Since the dawn of history agriculture has been carried on by means of irrigation, and the earliest civilizations of record were based upon this method of cultivation, as is exemplified in Egypt, and the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates. At last the United States Government is about to undertake a great work of this character. When it is realized that nearly one-half of the total area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is either arid or semi-arid, some idea may be had of the task about to be begun under the provisions of the irrigation bill which recently passed Congress and became a law with the approval of the President. Of this vast area it is estimated that about 60,000,000 acres of arid land may be reclaimed within the next thirty years; or, in other words, a territory as vast in extent as that of the two great fertile States of Illinois and Iowa. Thus it will be seen that the enactment of this law is entitled to be considered as involving one of Uncle Sam's most important real estate transactions.

Of Far-Reaching Importance.

Probably no measure so far-reaching in importance as regards the development of this country has been enacted in recent years as the Newlands irrigation bill. While taking not a dollar directly from the public Treasury, it nevertheless provides for an expenditure which it is estimated will aggregate in the next thirty years fully $150,000,000. Most bills take the form of an appropriation for a single year, but this measure appropriates the proceeds from the sale of the public lands in thirteen States and three Territories for all time to be devoted to works of irrigation. Further it acts automatically and will require no further legislation. The enactment of the bill means that the vast area which was once known as the Great American Desert is to be transformed into fertile soil to provide homes for additional millions of American citizens, and will yield products of untold wealth.

In short, the bill provides that the receipts from the sale of public lands shall be set apart in the Treasury in a fund to be known as the arid land reclamation fund. This income comprises the proceeds from the sales of mining and mineral lands, timber lands, stone lands, as well as arid lands, and aggregates now about $3,000,000 a year. This money is to be placed in the Treasury every year and expended by the Secretary of the Interior in the construction of irrigation works necessary to make the waters available for settlers, authority being given the Secretary to make contracts only when money necessary for each particular section of a contemplated project is in the fund. The law authorizes the Secretary of the Interior to withdraw from entry the lands capable of being reclaimed, and provides that each project shall be self-compensatory, compelling the settlers to pay back into the fund in ten equal annual installments their proportionate part of the cost of each construction. In this way a constantly revolving fund is created which will gradually increase from $3,000,000 to $10,000,000 annually until the entire work is accomplished. The proceeds of the sale of public lands for the past two years are immediately available and aggregate about $6,000,000.

No Land Monopoly.

In framing the law every effort was made to guard against land monopoly and to reserve the reclaimed lands for actual bona fide settlers. It stipulates that no right to the use of water for land in private ownership shall be sold for a tract exceeding 160 acres to any one landowner and "that no right shall permanently attach until all payments therefore are made, and no sale shall be made to any landowner unless he be an actual bona fide resident on such land or occupant thereof residing in the neighborhood of such land. In the work of constructing reservoirs and canals eight hours is to constitute a day's labor and provision is made that no Mongolian workman shall be employed.

Of the vast arid region in the United States the American pioneer has with untiring effort during the past forty years reclaimed about 7,500,000 acres, but the limit of this development by private enterprise is now practically reached. How to continue the work of irrigation has been the problem which has agitated the minds of Western men for many years. There were both land and water in the region, the former lying a barren waste, and the water at certain seasons of the year streaming in torrents and doing damage. How to provide means for bring them together to stimulate production that many blades might grow where none now grow, has been the problem presented. It has not been a scientific problem, for the method was known, and not one difficult of execution, but the question was rather political and financial. Both Governmental authority and Governmental aid must be had. None realized better than the Western irrigationists themselves the difficulty of inducing Congress to make an appropriation for irrigation purposes. The reasons were obvious.

REPRESENTATIVE NEWLANDS.

Mr. Newlands' Success.

It remained for Representative Francis G. Newlands to devise the plan which finally obtained Congressional sanction, and which is now a law. He has been in Congress for ten years, and in season and out of season has persistently agitated the question of irrigation, believing that the public mind must be educated upon this great question before legislation could be made. The real work, however, he began as the campaign of 1900 approached. He then urged upon Western men of both political parties that they should go to their respective national conventions and insist upon the insertion of an irrigation plank in the party platforms. This plan was followed, and as a result both the Republican and Democratic national platforms contained planks declaring in favor of irrigation. Mr. Newlands was himself a delegate to the Kansas City convention, and drafted the irrigation plank in the Democratic platform which declared in favor of an intelligent system of irrigation and the holding of the lands for actual settlers for home build-

Subject of Cartoons.

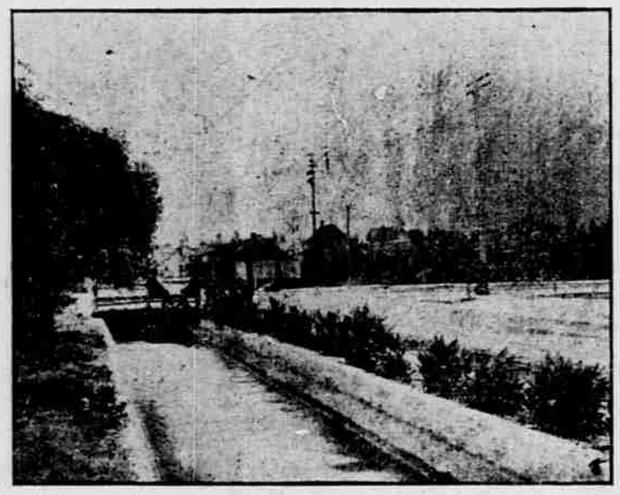
So persistent has the Nevada Repre- ing and against any system that would enable the concentration of large holdings. The declaration of the Republican party took substantially the same form. It was in opposing permanent retention of the Philippines and advocating domestic development that Mr. Newlands delivered his famous epigram that "The United States should cease its irritation of foreign lands and begin the irrigation of its arid lands."

sentative been in urging irrigation that the cartoonists have pictured him with a sprinkling pot as they do Senator Tillman with his famous pitchfork. The plan of devoting the proceeds of the sale of public lands is his, and he has followed a unique course in advocating it. His bill was first introduced in Congress after the campaign of 1900, but then even the friends of irrigation looked upon its accomplishment as an iridescent dream. He not only urged it before the Committee on Public Lands and Irrigation, but in order to educate his colleagues in the House upon the subject he inaugurated a series of dinners at his country place near Washington, to which Senators and members of the House were invited. After the meal Mr. Newlands provided an entertainment in the shape of magic lantern displays of the arid region, showing the desert condition of a particular tract and the change that had been wrought by irrigation and reclamation. Pictures of streams at flood tide and in periods of drought, and of reservoir sites were displayed upon the stereopticon canvas to give the audience a vivid realization of what irrigation will accomplish. At these dinners addresses on irrigation were delivered by Secretary Wilson, who is an enthusiastic irrigationist, and has done a great deal toward securing the passage of the recent bill; by Secretary Hitchcock; the director of the Geological Survey; the chief hydrographer, and other leading irrigationists. Finally a meeting of Western men, both Republicans and Democrats, was held at his home, and he presented to them the bill which he had drafted and it was unanimously indorsed. This bill was introduced in the Senate by Senator Hansborough and was thereafter known as the Hansbrough-Newlands bill. The measure was favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Public Lands and by the House Committee on Irrigation. The short session of the Fifty-sixth Congress did not afford sufficient time for its consideration and the opposition of the House leaders prevented an opportunity of calling it up. Meanwhile President Roosevelt succeeded to the Presidency and one of his first acts was to put himself in line with the best irrigation sentiment in the country. He had spent much time in the West and knew and fully appreciated the needs of that section, and he called the leading scientific men in Washington into consultation with him upon the subject. They expressed to him their approval of the plan of the Newlands bill, and the result was that the President's message last December was a practical indorsement of the measure.

A Strong Organization.

At the present session of Congress the irrigationists perfected a strong organization without respect to party lines and pushed the measure vigorously. A committee of seventeen of which Senator Warren was chairman and Mr. Newlands secretary was appointed, one from each of the arid States to recommend a bill, and after they had agreed they instructed Senator Hansbrough to introduce it in the Senate and Mr. Newlands in the House. After this Mr. Newlands gave a banquet at the New Willard at which the leading members of Congress were invited and the irrigation bill was discussed, and at which Secretary Wilson delivered a notable speech which was widely circulated in which he combated the idea that the development of the arid region meant distress to and competition with the Middle West and the East. The Hansbrough-Newlands bill was indorsed and when it came before the Senate was passed by almost a unanimous vote. In the House, however, the bill encountered the strong opposition of such leaders as Representative Cannon, Representative Dalzell, Representative Hepburn, Representative Payne and a number of others. A coalition was effected, however, by the Western Republicans led by Representative Mondell of Wyoming; Representative Reeder of Kansas and others on the Republican side, and by Representative Newlands and Representatives Shafroth and Bell of Colorado, on the Democratic side, that swept the House leaders off their feet. Representative Newlands had previously secured the approval of his measure by the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee and lined up the minority with but a few exceptions in support of his bill, and it only remained for the Western Republicans to deliver a sufficient number of votes to insure a majority. This was easily done, and when the vote was taken the bill was carried two to one.

The bill has been approved by the President and the work of construction and reclamation may be begun at any time as there is already a fund of $6,000,000 available.



Grand Canal, Riverside, Cal.

OTERO'S LATEST CATCH.

Otero informs her friends that she is going to marry a Russian prince of unpronounceable name and untold millions. Her fiance is old and feeble, she says, and wants to see her provided with a title and a fortune before he dies. He offered her his heart and hand, according to a Paris dispatch to the "St. Louis Globe-Democrat," by telegraph, and she accepted "to save his life," as the old many threatened to kill himself in case of her refusal. Just now Otero is not permitted to show her face in Russia, owing to her relations with several grand dukes, but if she becomes a Russian princess and subject, the order of banishment will probably be recalled, particularly as the dancer is willing to embrace the orthodox church.

Orange Grove Irrigation in Southern California.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE— ⁘ ⁘ A STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

(Continued From Third Page.)

saw the living carry the dead brother tenderly, quietly in his arms and without a word deliver him to two soldiers, who, one taking him by the feet and the other by the armpits, carried him off down the corridor, to be thrown without covering or burial service into the trenches outside the breastworks, there to rot with thousands of others, good men and true all of them!

With the same quiet manner the other settled back in silence to sit or lie motionless looking at nothing, thinking, thinking for hours, days, weeks at a time, without speaking; others to walk aimlessly about over and among their fellows. I lay close by the wall trying to get such air as I could, now and then frozen with chills and with the pangs of hunger gripping me. But no morsel of food came to us that day, and only by the generosity of a man with whom I talked had I a bit of foul bread and salt beef.

So came the night without change except for a shade less light in the room. But I slept as I had during the day, in a doze that seemed even to me wrong and unnatural, and when I woke, somewhere in the early hours, my face and body burned with a fever and the undressed wound gave me terrible pain.

I pitched about a while on a bit of straw I had got into my possession, and then, turning to one near me, said:

"Are you awake, my friend?"

"Always," said the other immediately.

"Do you know aught of the chirurgeon's work?"

"No, man, that I do not. What is it?"

"I have a wound here," answered I. "And if I could but get my clothes away from it, 't would be less trouble."

"Let the cloth stick to it, lad," said he. "The room is full of typhus and smallpox, and 't were better to keep it closed. But wait till daylight when we can see it better."

So I lay wide awake for several hours till the light came slowly in, my thoughts running riot at times, so that I thought that I might go out of my head. And then I would go over every hour of my life with her, from the wet night and the broken coach-wheel to that moment at the prince's soiree when she turned from me and my heart died within me. It was all a matter of three short weeks, yet I could not fancy my existence before it, could not remember much of what I had thought or felt for twenty years. And then, fancy running on, I would present to myself, as one will, thousands of impossible "ifs."

If I had now the chance of going out freely into the open air and away from the city, but to do that must give up—must not know at all—my short three weeks with her, would I do it? And I knew in my heart that I would lie down on the dirty straw and shake my head. Yet how could she doubt me? What was she thinking, doing, feeling now, and now? And then what had become of Curtis and Acton and that foul specimen of manhood that went with them? What of the expedition toward Newport? And so back again to Deborah Philipse, and round her and round her in a circle of thought, with the fever climbing into my veins all night long.

At daybreak the guards came, bringing each man six days' rations, and we were ordered to form in line and march past, taking our share one by one. When it came to my turn I found lying in my hand about two pounds of raw pork and as much weight of sea biscuit. And finding my friend, we got an iron bucket wherewith one could heat the meat. So we cooked and ate our meal, saving only a bit of water with which the kind friend helped me get my shirt away from the wound. And then, tearing the linen up into ribbons, he wound it tight around my body for a bandage.

As he did so, his eye brightened a bit.

"I knew a queer bird up the river who was part chirurgeon and part man of God—though mostly pirate," said he, "who showed me how thus to tie a bandage." I paid little heed to what the man said, for just then a faintness from the pain took me. "He knew somewhat of all three trades. A strange beast was old Marvin! I wonder if he is hung yet?" and he smiled quietly to himself.

"Marvin," said I, suddenly, where?"

"Up above Tarrytown in the neutral country. I were there myself——"

"Marvin, say you, man?" cried I, again. "What sort?"

"A sober villain; solemn of face, but with the capacity for gallons of good ale—but why? Do you know him?"

"Aye, well! But is he then of a fact a minister of the church?" and my wound and the old prison were forgotten as I waited for his answer.

"True enough! Though, God knows, he does more honor to hell and its king—the devil."

"Marvin—Jim Marvin?"

"Aye, lad, old Jim Marvin! You can see him any day at Gowan's Tavern—What is it? Is the cut paining ye?"

The cut? What pain could touch me just then? Pain or no pain, dead or alive, one thing was sure. There lived no longer on this earth a Deborah Philipse. But a Deborah there was—aye, should I ever seen her again?

So the days passed on, one like another, except that the heat ended and gradually the cold came on, first a comfort to us all, then disagreeable, and finally terrible. For we had no sign of fire, except perhaps once a week for our water boiling. This, too, stopped when, as I inferred, the want of wood in the town took what little we were before allowed.

This cold got into my never-healing wound and I began to grow too weak to stand at all, and was so sitting against the wall one day, close to some new-made friends, that we might keep one another warm, when some forty new prisoners arrived; and I, lying back with my head to the wall and my eyes closed, heard one telling some of my companions that he came from Tappan.

"When, man?" I asked, leaning forward quicker than I thought I could.

"But three days ago."

"Tell me then if you can, back two months now, about the middle of October, did Clinton move on Newport?"

"That he did, but got no further than Huntington Harbor with all his forces."

"Why, man, why?" I asked.

"Why, because the commander-in-chief, by some means, I do not know, got wind of the thing before it started and made a feint—I was with my command, and 't was a stiff fight, too—on Staten Island and at Paulus' Hook, and back came scurrying the Johnnies with their tails between their legs, thinking the town was taken or going soon to be."

"Thank God," I muttered to myself, lying back again as the man went rambling on. Curtis and Acton must be safe, then. And Hazeltine, too, dead or alive! After all, we had not done so ill, and I had kept my word to the general so far as man could. But I knew I must be weak, indeed, for the excitement of the man's story had taken the life out of me, and I slid down to the cold floor all in a sweat that drenched my clothes and then froze upon them.

With that I sank back into a quiet stupor that lasted I know not, nor never knew, how long; but happier than I had thought to be since coming to the Sugar House. From time to time, as I waked a bit and looked about, I would catch two or three comrades looking down at me as I lay not uncomfortably on a little clump of straw, and, seeing me looking at them, they would ask me how I did. And I smiled and told them, truthfully, as well as they. Once a young and big fellow took his coat and threw it over me, and, try as I would, I could not make him take it back; for just then I could not seem to rise on my elbow, and by and by I laughed and thanked him and turned aside and slept long, I know not how long.

So I awoke once and found it light in the old house, for the snow reflected on the ceiling; and seeing the group, larger than before, standing about me, I asked for a bit of water, and it came to my lips at once. Some one I heard talking quietly and looking at me, and I caught the word "going." And I remember thinking then with some interest that perhaps there was a rumor of our going out of this frozen hell. And on asking if 't was so, they said in their same unemotional way, "Yes, man, some of us—some of us will go shortly."

Then on a sudden the group slipped away, why I could not see, till I caught the glint of red uniforms and saw an officer and some men walking about the room, stopping now and then. I lay so on my side idly watching them approach, when the blood froze in my veins.

'T was Captain Atherton moving quietly along, pointing now and then to a prisoner. He must not see me! That I knew; and so I shrank back into my straw and waited in a kind of terror to see if he would get by. So he came on slowly, so slowly, looking at each and every man and saying not a word. But as he pointed to a prisoner that one was lifted and carried out. I could not keep my eyes from him. And then he came to me.

On a sudden he stepped back. Then quickly muttering that he had slipped, I saw him point at me and walk on, still studying each man. Two soldiers leaned down and took me up gently enough, for I felt no pain; and then we passed down the corridor, down the stairs, and into a light room. There stood Atherton and pointed to a couch, where they laid me and passed out, and I turned my face to the wall, in hopes he had not recognized me. But in truth the couch being soft and comfortable, I did not much care, but gave something of a long sigh and—went to sleep.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AWAKENING.

'TWAS but a moment when I opened my eyes again, and with that came the dread of seeing Atherton there in the office of the prison looking at me. So that I lay quite still and listened. No sound came to me, but I knew in the sleepy way I had acquired of late that there was a bright light there, and that I was warm and so comfortable as I had not been these two months. But strange that I could not move! My side was as stiff as a board, so stiff that I softly and carefully raised my arm and felt—not the sofa, but straw.

And then came a sickening consciousness that I was back in the prison house. I picked up a bit of straw, but it felt soft and would not yield to my pulling, and looking down I had like to have cried out when I saw in my hand a white and spotless counterpane.

Perfectly quiet I lay, my mind working so fast that it pained me sorely. Over my head I saw a roof, and then, quick and fast, came the knowledge that I lay on a great bed with four posts supporting a roof hung with silken curtains. I tried to move, and found, though I had no pain, that the wound was too stiff to allow me to turn, and, putting my hand to my side, it met tight cloth bandages that ran around me from groin to armpits, and then up over either shoulder and around my neck.

There I lay with eyes shut, and thought and thought. What could it be? Was I—could it be—could I be losing my mind, and should I begin to ask if someone would cut my daughter's throat? Then I bade myself be quiet, and held myself tense to see—to think—to realize the reality. But it would not do, I could not bear it, and cried out:

"Where am I?"

That instant the curtain was pulled back and I saw a face looking at me. Then on the moment 'twas gone. And I fancied I heard the soft rustle of a gown as the figure flew out through the room. Was it Atherton? I strained my weak head to think, to decide. I could not tell. It must be, and yet—and yet it did not seem to be so, and the face that it resembled—aye! my mind was gone stark mad. 'Twas the face it could never be!

So I lay, turning a bit to one side that I might see the door as it stood open into a hall with the sunlight playing across the floor and dancing upon the polished furniture. Gradually I was straining myself out of a mist of thoughts, when there came a rustle, and two little faces peeped in at me, and I not moving, they came on through the door—two little faces hung about with fair curls, one of golden brown and one of black, and carried on little shoulders and little bodies dressed in white gowns.

There could be no doubt of it,—angels they might be, but they were two little girls of some four or five summers. I waived my hand weakly to them, and asked them to come and talk to me. My voice had a strange and pitifully jaded sound, and the smile that ran over my face seemed to crack the skin by the unaccustomed wrinkles it created.

"Come here, children," mumbled I, "and tell me who was here but now."

They sidled up, holding tight to one another's hands, the chubby little fairy hanging back, both looking at me with great startled eyes through the fringes of curls, but filled with curiosity, too.

"Who was here but now, little ones?" I asked again.

"Tante. She sits here all night and every night always," said the older, opening her eyes wide.

"And the Lieber Gott," said the chubby one.

"And who?"

"The Lieber Gott. Tante says He is here with you all the time, too."

"Yeth, all the time," said the chubby one. "But we can't catch him."

"We've tried every day," said the other, as they began to grow confidential.

"Yeth," said Chubby. "We twied ewwy day."

"We thought we had found him once."

"Yeth, we though we'd found him once," repeated little Echo, "but 't was a wat scwatchin', Tante said."

I lay back thanking God for I knew not what.

"And who is Tante?" I asked softly.

They looked at one another and took a new grip on their hands.

"She's just Tante," said the older, standing on the other white-socked foot.

"Yeth juth Tante," said Echo.

"And who are you?"

"We're mudder's dears," said the older, simply, as she came to my bedside.

"God knows you are!" cried I, weakly, and the tears rolled out of my eyes because I had no power to stop them. I had to wait a moment, and then:

"Will you lean over and give me a kiss?" and she did, but Chubby could not reach and had to forego.

"Is He here?" she asked confidentially.

"Who?"

"The Lieber Gott. Tante says He will cure you."

"I think He must be. I hope—" But I could not go one. Weakness—absurd weakness without pain, simply a lack of power—stopped me, and just then, closing my eyes, I heard the rustle of a dress and an anxious, nay, terrified whisper, saying:

"Children, children, what have you done? Haven't I told you never to come in here? Where is Tante?"

"Thhe wan away and the Lieber Gott did, too," said Chubby.

"So we came in," said the older.

"Sh!" said the whisper again. "Run away at once," and as they trotted off, the curtains drew aside and I opened my eyes, still with the tears in them, and smiled straight into the beautiful face of the Baroness Riedesel.

"Where am I?" I asked weakly.

She put her finger to her mouth and raised her eyebrows.

"Do you know me?" she asked. "Don't speak. Just nod."

I nodded.

"Are you perfectly conscious?"

I nodded.

She moved away, and I cried out and asked her where I was.

"You must not talk or move till I get the doctor. You are in our house in New York."

"How long"—— I could not finish, but made a gesture toward the bed.

"Nearly six weeks ago you were brought here" and she was gone, still with her finger on her lips.

(To Be Concluded Next Sunday.)